Sir Lancelot and Pippin

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Sir Lancelot and Pippin

by columbo

Summary

Sir Lancelot is quick to the aid of the one who sent a distress call! Based on a scene from the movie.

Sir Lancelot was quick to kneel in front of Pippin. “O fair one, behold your humble servant Sir Lancelot of Camelot. I have come to take –” Lancelot blinked up at them, noting that their appearance is not, in fact, one of a princess. He was then quick to stand up. “...oh, I'm terribly sorry.” He uttered.

But Pippin was positively beaming at the knight. “You got my note!” They exclaimed, eyes sparkling and smile wide.

Lancelot shuffled awkwardly. “Uh, well, I got *A* note.”

Pippin’s fists shook excitedly. “You've come to rescue me!”

Lancelot attempted to let them down gently. “Uh, well, no, you see…”

Pippin’s smile faltered, turning into a look of gentle surprise. “...no?”

“Well…” Lancelot hesitated. “You’re not exactly a- a princess, are you?”

Pippin looked surprised. “I am!”

Lancelot’s surprise was twofold. “You are??”

“Yes, I am!”

“Well, you don’t look like one.” Lancelot remarked skeptically.

“Well I’m not one right *now*.”

“I- you what??”

“I’m only a princess *sometimes*.”

Sir Lancelot was baffled. “...Now what on earth is THAT supposed to mean??”

“It means I’m only a princess sometimes!”

“How can you only be a princess SOMETIMES?”

“I’m different!” Pippin smiled.

“Well, what are you now?”

“What?”

“If you’re not a princess right now, what are you, exactly?”

“Uuh…” Pippin thought about it. “I’m not sure!”

“...you’re not *sure*?”

“Well, I haven’t thought about it yet today!”

“You haven’t THOUGHT about it yet??”

“No, I haven’t! I was too busy writing that note!”

“Shall I uh… give you a moment, then?”

“...I think that would be helpful, yes.”

“Hm. Alright then.”

Both of them ceased their conversation for a moment. Sir Lancelot watched on as Pippin took the time to think about what they were at the moment.

“I’ve got it!” Pippin smiled. “I actually AM a princess!”

“You ARE?”

“Yes, I am! I’m Princess Pippin!”

“Well then!” Sir Lancelot smiled satisfactorily. He kneeled once more. “O fair one, behold your humble servant Sir Lancelot of Camelot. I have come to take you away from this wretched place, from which you sent your call of distress!”

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